

FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1908.

No. 15

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF ALASKA.

FOLLOWING IS THE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY FOR THE DISTRICT OF ALASKA.

Governor—John G. Brady; private secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Knapp.
U. S. Judge—C. S. Johnson.
U. S. Attorney—Burton E. Bennett.
Assistant District Attorney—Alfred J. Daly.
District Clerk—Albert D. Elliott.
Deputy Clerk—Walton D. McNair.
U. S. Marshal—J. M. Shoup.
Surveyor General—W. L. Distin.
Register—John W. Dudley.
Receiver—Roswell Shelly.
Court Interpreter—George Kostrometoff.

Commissioners—C. W. Tuttle, Sitka; John Y. Ostrander, Juneau; K. M. Jackson, Fort Wrangel; L. R. Woodward, Unalaska; Phillip Gallagher, Kodiak; John U. Smith, Dyea; W. J. Jones, Circle City; Chas. H. Isham, Unga.
Deputy Marshals—W. A. McNair, Sitka; Edward S. Staley, Juneau; W. D. Grant, Fort Wrangel; J. McDonald, Douglas; Edward C. Hasey, Kodiak; Lewis L. Bowers, Unga; J. C. Blaine, Unalaska; H. J. McInnis, Skagway; John Cuddehe, Circle City; —, Snook, Dyea.

Deputy Internal Revenue Collector—W. C. Pedlar.
Educational Agent—Sheldon Jackson.
Assistant Agent—William Hamilton.
Supt. of Schools—W. A. Kelly.

CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

Collector—J. W. Ivey.
Special Deputy—W. P. McBride.
Deputy and Inspector—Wm. Millmore and C. L. Andrews.
Deputy Collectors—Joseph Arment, Fort Wrangel; E. M. VanSlyck, Mary Island; W. G. Thomas, Kodiak; G. W. Caton, Cook's Inlet; T. E. Holmes, Kariak; J. E. Simot, Unga; J. P. Word, Unalaska; E. T. Hatch, St. Michaels; Chas. Smith, Circle City; John C. Tenney, Juneau.
Inspectors at Juneau—Loring K. Adams, Harry Minto and John R. Auldin.
Inspectors at Fort Wrangel, Edward Hofsted, S. L. Adams, Geo. J. Smith, E. L. Hunter, Wm. Denny.
Inspectors Afloat—J. S. Slater, S. F. Hodges, L. H. Lovejoy, Edgar Grim.

M. J. Cochran,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

JACKSON BLOCK.

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(30 years experience.)

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FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

ON HAND DAY AND NIGHT.

A. G. McBride,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

Office with U. S. Deputy Marshal,
FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

WEBSTER BROWN

CIVIL & MINING ENGINEER

U. S. Deputy and U. S. Deputy Mineral

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FORT WRANGEL, - - - ALASKA

NOTICE.

Citizens can have best barber work done at Barber Shop near Postoffice in Court House lot.

Read the News.

THAT BILLY GOAT AGAIN.

Sir William, The Notorious Goat,
Makes Fun for Onlookers.

RETAINS HIS PERFUME

Sir William, the notorious goat in this city, had quite an experience on Troup's wharf a short time ago. Everybody knows Sir William but those afflicted with nasal disease or through any other cause lose the sense of smell, are his best friends. Two boys were leading his highness off the wharf and each had a rope fastened to his horns, one walking in front and the other to the rear. Considerable activity prevailed on the wharf at the time, for boats from the south were discharging cargoes and river boats were loading for their runs up the Stikeen, and a great many people were on the wharf to observe the departure of the vessels. A man was walking off of the dock with a sack of flour on his shoulder. Where he was going we never found out and what he was thinking of was also unknown to us, but surely he was not thinking of goats or he would have been on the lookout. As the boys got the goat near the man with the flour they gave the ropes a few jerks and let them go. They knew what Sir William would do. He gave one bound toward the man and made a center shot on the seat of his trousers. The blow knocked the man down and the sack of flour fell back and clear over Sir William. But this wasn't the best of it. Sir William had thus far done nobly but he was destined to outdo all former efforts. After the first attack he straightened himself up, shook his head and gave his tail a few flips and, just as the prostrate man got onto his hands and knees in an endeavor to rise, he bucked him a second time, the blow taking effect at the same place as the first and it knocked the man some fifteen feet end over end. The man's hitherto deliberate movements were greatly accelerated by this second attack and he got up and ran to a place of safety, which he found on top of the railing on the side of the approach to the dock. Such a laugh never was heard in Fort Wrangel before nor since. It is said that one good laugh extends a man's life by a number of days and if that is true Mr. Duncan McKinnon, Mr. Robert Reid and Mr. J. F. Collins have surely added one month each to their days on this earth. The boys picked up the ends of the rope and Sir William was led away, his pensive look and superb fragrance having at no time during the episode deserted him.

Oh, You Rascal.

The ordinarily steady, staid citizen who has a wife visiting down east worrying herself to death and not half enjoying her visit for fear Hubby is pining for the comforts of home and family association, will find himself brought up with a sharp turn and made to know that life is not a continuous round of pleasure when Wifey arrives at home and learns where the aforesaid steady, staid citizen has been spending his lonely and desolate hours. I saw the rascal having more fun than a Dutch uncle in a beer garden. I saw him eating ice-cream at the church social with Miss Soprano and promenading the deck with Miss Eppy League on the last steamboat excursion. Oh, you villain! I saw you when you tried to kiss that grass widow while innocently playing "twirl the platter" at the surprise party the other night. I saw you at the dance the other night, I suppose you didn't know I was keeping cases on you.

Now, here is a copy of the last letter you wrote to "Wifey":

"My dear much-missed wife:—You cannot believe how horribly lonesome it is in this old house. I come home tired out after working sixteen hours a day and sit here until midnight without even turning on the gas—except to read your long and ever welcome letters. I know I am selfish; but I can't enjoy my meals unless you direct their preparation, and I have no heart even to go to church. Of course, you must not let this foolish complaining shorten your visit, but try to forget my discomforts and stay just as long as you want to. So long, darling, etc."

Oh, I'll tell "darling" on you when she gets home. My advice to you is to have your remaining locks clipped and be ready to take your punishment.—Ex.

An Important Land Case.

The Skagway land case is a peculiar one. Upon the land claimed by Bernard Moore for manufacturing purposes a city has grown up, and large sums of money have been expended by various persons in the erection of houses, stores and shops. Moore claimed 160 acres of land. If the Land Office had given him this it would practically have given him the whole of Skagway.

The Board had a difficult matter to settle. Claimant Moore was awarded about forty acres. This includes some of the best business blocks in Skagway and of course a great deal of property honestly improved by others. But under the decisions of the Department the Board was clearly of the opinion that as much land must be awarded to the claimant as was necessary to carry on his manufacturing interests having in mind his actual improvements. This is a good law. The next thing was to find out how much land was necessary. The Board found, from the evidence, that some 40 acres were necessary. That the protestants will appeal goes without saying, no matter what decision the Register and Surveyor General had rendered an appeal would have followed, as neither party would have rested under any other decision than the one by the Secretary of the Interior. These gentlemen are entitled to the thanks of Alaska for the intelligent and conscientious labors they have given to this now celebrated case.

This is the third great case under this law that has come up. The first was the Brady case. Here our former Register and Surveyor General granted Mr. Brady 160 acres, the amount he applied for. The Commissioner of the general land office cut it down to 20 acres.

On appeal to the Secretary of the Interior, he held that 50 acres were necessary for Mr. Brady's business. This was a final decision. In the case of Healy and Wilson at Dyea they were also granted 160 acres. On appeal the Commissioner of the general land office cut them down to two and one-half acres. This case is now on appeal to the Secretary.

It is therefore well settled that under this law a person can only acquire what land is actually necessary for his business, and that this is determined by evidence as all other questions of fact are.—Sitka Alaskan.

They Knew What to Do.

Another demonstration of exactly what to do when steerage passengers turn into wild animals—of exactly what should have been done, and wasn't, either on the Bourgoyne or the North German Lloyd steamer Elbe—has been given by the officers of the Ardandhu, an unpretentious "tramp," on which laxity of discipline would have been half way excusable. Fire broke out in the Ardandhu's hold, and for a while threatened the vessel's immediate destruction. At once eight masculine, as distinguished from manly, occupants of the steerage made a rush for the boats. They were Italians, but that is only incidental and proves little or nothing. Two of the mates—as many officers as could be spared from fighting the fire—at once began to reason with the too impulsive Latins. One of the mates argued with a club, the other with a revolver. Nobody was hurt—permanently—but in about two minutes the debate ended, and when the question was put, there was unanimous consent to save the women and children first. As it happened, nobody had to leave the ship, for the fire was brought under control. That, however, did not decrease the value of the lesson taught, and the Ardandhu's officers and crew can look those of the Delaware straight in the face and say, "We, too, know our duty, and do it."—New York Times.

Another Million.

The steamer Portland, arrived at San Francisco, on the 6th inst, from St. Michael, with about \$1,500,000 worth of gold dust and nuggets, brought six boxes of the precious metal belonging to the Canadian Bank of Commerce and three boxes for the Alaska Commercial Company, each box containing over 250 pounds.

The lucky miners on board were few. Charles Anderson, John Lee, E. Nelson, William Young and James McMalon being among the fortunate ones. Anderson is said to have cleaned up over \$60,000.

Get your Saws Filed opposite the Cottage Bakery, by W. J. Sully.

A JOKE ON THE JOKER.

A Man Gets Even With a Practical Joker, and Then Some.

HUSBAND AFTER HIM.

Mr. T. G. Wilson of this city was formerly engaged in the newspaper business. He was editor and publisher of the Tacoma Globe at one time and has also owned some other papers. He is one of the brightest men in Alaska and has more than enough ability to conduct a first-class paper. Wilson possesses the happy faculty of looking for the comical side of everything that is going on, and if there is a good joke in the town, he is certain to be one of the persons who is at the bottom of it. His friends are his victims and while they are always on the lookout, somehow vigilance is no protection for them. Once in a great while Wilson finds his equal, not very often of course, but the right man occasionally shows up. It is one of the jokes that was successfully played on Wilson that we are going to tell about, which comes to us from a friend of his. Wilson was running a newspaper in British Columbia one evening, just as the forms were being made up, a friend of his came into the office and said to Wilson, "did you hear of the accident? Mrs. Brown fell out of bed last night and broke her leg." "No," said Wilson, and he expressed his sorrow over the misfortune, for the supposed unfortunate family was numbered among his friends and patrons. Wilson had no time to spare, for when the time comes for making up forms everybody is in a hurry in a newspaper office, so Wilson sat down to his desk and wrote a short local, substantially in these words:

"Just as we go to press, we are pained to learn that Mrs. Brown of this city, a most estimable lady, fell out of bed last night and broke her leg."

This local was speedily put into type and the next morning the paper was delivered around town with the broken leg local in a conspicuous place among the personal items. The forms were washed and put onto the stone and while all hands were making up the mail, into the door comes the husband of the "broken legged woman," with blood in his eye and a big club in his hands. "I'll teach you to slander my wife, in your god darned paper, you d—nd infernal liar." He struck at Wilson with the club, but Wilson dodged and made his escape out of the back door. The irate man then started to pie the forms when the foreman, a big powerful fellow, called a halt and after some parleying got the man to state his grievance.

"Why you have it in your paper that my wife fell out of bed night before last and broke her leg and it's a lie—a darned lie."

The foreman explained that a man, giving his name, had come into the office and told Wilson about it and he of course thought it was true and in the hurry of going to press, just published it without investigating the matter. "Wasn't your wife hurt at all?" asked the foreman.

"She had a baby, night before last," said the man, and with a solemn vow expressed in the most emphatic manner that he would kill the man who told that lie to Wilson, he left the office. Wilson returned to his sanctum, but he was a changed man—the jokes had all suddenly left him. To this day, if you ask him about the "broken leg local," a sickly, half-hearted smile takes the place of the open, happy look which he naturally wears.

The Spanish government is no doubt preparing for the cession of the Philippines to this country, which will inevitably be demanded. In order to satisfy the public mind that this will not be a bad thing for Spain, the government is requesting information from officials in the archipelago as to the true situation of affairs. To these inquiries, Gen. Jaudenes, ad interim governor of the Philippines, reports that to re-establish Spanish sovereignty over the islands would require a permanent army of 60,000, a fleet and endless quantities of materials. With this report before the commission, they will feel less reluctance in handing the islands over to this country.—P.-I.

The News, 83 per year.

A Step in the Right Direction.

Last Wednesday evening J. D. Walton was appointed a corporal of Company H, 11th Infantry, by Captain Eldridge, who has command of the soldiers stationed in this city.

While the position may not be a very exalted one, yet it is a step in the right direction, by a young man of decided worth and merit.

Army life is not calculated to foster ambition, for the private soldier becomes too much like a machine, in his daily drill and dull routine, and the only thing to strive for is to get in the line of promotion and climb up. Many, who expect to retire to the sphere of private citizenship at the expiration of the term of their enlistment, never attempt to attain to anything beyond the careful performance of the duties of a private, and it speaks much for one who does more.

Those who have the pleasure of Mr. Walton's acquaintance, know him to be possessed of more than ordinary intelligence and ability—a man always carefully respectful of the feelings of others, and withal fitted to become a leader among men.

Let Me Pray First.

A sweet and intelligent girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town, a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys, by accident, threw a stone toward her and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready to let the doctor do what he could to cure her eye.

"No, father, not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap and pray to Jesus first," she answered.

And then, kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterward submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman.

Church Calendar.

Sabbath School 2:30 p. m. Sunday. M. Manson, Superintendent.

Christian Endeavor Society, prayer meeting 7 p. m. Sunday. L. H. Wakefield, President.

Song service 8 p. m. Sunday. Mrs. Thwing, Organist.

Prayer meeting 8 p. m. Friday. Rev. C. Thwing, Minister; A. T. Bennett, Elder. All are invited to these services. Seats Free.

Services for natives, Sunday, 11 a. m. and 4 p. m., and Wednesday at 4 p. m.

Dreyfus Will Be Retired.

Newspapers in Paris regard a revision of the Dreyfus case as assured, saying the prisoner's counsel will now make strenuous efforts to secure a public retrial. The *Matin* says Col. Picquart yesterday signed a demand for the provisional liberation of Dreyfus.

Coming West.

The latest reports from Washington are to the effect that the Oregon will be returned to the Pacific coast in the near future. One other will probably accompany her.

Sergeant Major Fred P. Collins and Corporal John Cream started for a hunt last Monday. They went on the Strathcona up the Stikeen a short distance, and were dropped off on the hunting grounds.

With a commission in Canada, another in Cuba, a third in Porto Rico and a fourth about to meet at Paris, it would appear that your Uncle Samuel is going pretty heavily into the commission business.—P.-I.

The social at the Y. M. C. A. hall, last Thursday evening, given by Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Thwing, assisted by the Ladies Aid Society, was quite largely attended and was encouraging in every way. As the people of Wrangel become better acquainted they appreciate each other more, and these entertainments are the best place to form acquaintances that sometimes become those of a life-time. The writer, when a young man, met the girl who is now his wife, at a choir meeting, so his advice to young men is not to neglect these opportunities. Of course the girls are always there.

FORT WRANGLER NEWS.

MEDICINE & HENSHAW, Publishers.

FORT WRANGLER, ALASKA

An exchange says: "Machine guns are deadly on boarders." So is bush.

The reigning styles of moral ratment in Madrid do not appear to include the mantle of truth.

Those who are working for a new national anthem might enroll themselves as a branch fresh air society.

France is in a dilemma. The pesetas that have gone incline it to Spain and the dollars that are not coming incline it to America.

The Lenoque (Tenn.) Democrat says the girls of that town now wear star spangled shirt waists. Bored to make the boys see stars, evidently.

No matter whether the United States is represented at the Paris exposition of 1900 or not if Paris gets up a good show Uncle Sam will see it.

A New York paper has discovered that the lastest was on the whole a comfortable place. Now let the "Black Hole" of Calcutta be given a clean bill of health.

There is one column of the daily papers that, even in wartime, is never printed in large type yet the "married" announcements look large to the June brides.

A Chicago mule run against by a scorching kicked him into hospital. This animal is not going to see himself knocked out of the way by the bicycle without a protest.

A scientific exchange says: "Artificial legs are to be made with pneumatic feet, to lessen the jar on the body when walking." After this, lovers will not have a monopoly of "walking on air."

Paris press hostile! Americans boycott men milliners and dressmakers of Paris. Men milliners and dressmakers see the point and likewise see business managers of Paris papers. Paris papers gradually assuming a more friendly tone.

The Boston Herald asserts: "The Dewey cocktail is composed of red raspberry juice, white maraschino and blue creme yvette. A rather queer concoction, but the colors appear to be all right." But what if color blindness should follow drinking?

There are seventy active volcanoes on the Philippine Islands, and earthquakes have yearly play spells in hopping from one to the other and gayly shaking up the inhabitants. There is probably no livelier land on the foot-stool.

Esteemed contemporaries that persist in talking of "the old veteran" can keep right on. After the close of the present war we shall have another army of veterans that will have to be distinguished in some way from the survivors of the civil war. We can call them veterans and refer to the heroes of the '90s as "old veterans."

It is beginning to be plain that this war with Spain marks the beginning of a new military epoch for the United States. It is reasonable to believe that for garrison purposes alone we shall need not less than 50,000 men. Viewing the situation in this aspect, it is freely predicted that the peace establishment of the army will hereafter be not less than what it has been made for this war—about 70,000 men. This increase will be consistent with the history of the army, which shows that every war since the revolution has left the nation with a larger army.

A few months ago a Spanish warship in New York harbor required some repairing on its machinery, and the bill presented when it was done was two hundred and fifty dollars. The officer in charge told the mechanic that his bill would not do, and ordered it enlarged to eleven hundred dollars, so "it would go around." In spite of the spoils system in our own land, there can be but one comment on such corrupt practices, and the nation that tolerates them contains the sure seeds of decay.

The present is a time of great opportunities. It is testing the preparedness of a large number of men. They see just the openings for which they have waited for years, but they find too often and too late that they are not prepared to take advantage of them. Men, and especially young men, are too apt to argue that all they need is the opportunity. The preparedness, they imagine, will come of itself. They find out their mistake when some quiet man who has spent years in thoroughly drilling and training himself steps in and takes advantage of the opening for which many have waited but have not prepared themselves.

A town improvement club offers a solution for the problem of pauperism by providing work for the deserving, and

if adult able-bodied men and women will not work they should not be fed by charity. Outside work has been replaced as follows: A yearly tax of one dollar is assessed all tax-paying people and is cheerfully responded to. With this fund are purchased for one cent flower seeds for distribution among the school children. Prizes are offered for the best display at the annual flower show, and the town blossoms like the rose. The setting out of shade trees, drinking fountains, seats for the weary in parks and in shady spots, and a street-cleaning department of children are some of the features of this most commendable enterprise. Altruism of this sort pays.

F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, who has lived much in Italy and owns property there, points to the crushing weight of the taxes as one of the causes of existing discontent among the Italian people. Taking national, provincial and commercial taxation together, he himself pays upon the assessed income upon a few acres of land 42 per cent, upon the assessed rent of his house 23 per cent, and if he paid income tax in Italy the Government would exact 134 per cent, more. As there is no limit of estate, real or personal, below which taxation is not applied, he finds it easy to understand the enormous emigration which of late years has crippled Italian agriculture by sensibly diminishing the farming population, while leaving upon the hands of the Government an immense area of farm land confiscated for overdue taxes, which no one could be induced to take under the present conditions even as a gift. Such a condition of things he regards as simply an inept form of national bankruptcy.

Three hundred towns and cities of the United States, moved by more than three hundred tragedies of juvenile crime, have recently ordained that children shall come home at night at the signal of a so-called curfew bell, at 8 o'clock in winter; at 9 in summer. The ancient curfew applied to old and young alike; the modern curfew has only the poetic remembrance of being an even bell. Government is the co-operative act of parents, who act together in cities and villages. Nowhere can curfew be established except at the request of parents expressed in ballots. The law no more interferes with parental rights and personal liberty than laws on compulsory education and child labor. The school and the curfew bell are equally justified as safeguards of public morals. Laws forbidding the sale of liquors and tobacco and corrupt literature to minors have long since illustrated the duty of the state to immature youth. Gladstone says that it is the purpose of law to make it as hard as possible to do wrong, and as easy as possible to do right. No intelligent view of personal liberty justifies turning infants loose to play with poisons and razors. The most inspiring watchword of reform is, "Give the boys a chance." The testimony of cities which have tried the curfew is uniformly favorable. The law has not destroyed civil liberty, nor promoted communism; it has not proved difficult of enforcement, and has been well observed. It has checked hoodlumism. A chief of police who opposed the ordinance at first repented as he heard the steady patter of little feet, homeward bound, passing his office door at each ringing of the bell.

One of the conspicuous elements of the torpedo's value is the fear which its use excites. The fact that its location is secret and its attack well-nigh irresistible, says a contributor in French Leslie's Monthly, gives it a power of intimidation out of all proportion to its actual potency, and makes fleets unwilling to face it. It caused terror and demoralization at the battle of Lissa, and later, in the Franco-German war of 1871, the French fleet was actually frightened out of Prussian ports by the rumor and belief that numerous torpedoes had been planted for their reception. A striking instance of the effectiveness of the torpedo is found in the sinking of the Blanco Encalada in Chile from injuries thus inflicted during the revolution of 1891. The whole of President Balmaceda's fleet present had joined the insurgents, when suddenly his two swift torpedo vessels, the Lynch and Condell, arrived at Valparaiso. They were armed with two fourteen-pounder guns and four torpedo tubes. They immediately attacked the Blanco Encalada, and the ironclad was taken completely by surprise. She had no protective net out, and no guard boats were patrolling, while a portion of the crew was on shore. After two or three futile attempts the Lynch approached the Encalada within fifty yards and discharged a torpedo, which struck the ironclad abreast the engine-room. The explosion was tremendous. Many were killed, and the ship keeled over and sank in five minutes. The torpedo used carried a charge of about fifty pounds of gun-cotton. Neither of the attacking boats was injured, and this fact and the demonstration that such a charge of gun-cotton striking a vessel in a vital part is irresistible, combined to give to the torpedo a prominence in naval equipment and warfare it had not before possessed.

When a boy begins to smoke, it is time for him to quit school.



CREED AND CROCUSES.

Rev. Wetherby Smiles was rector at St. James' and occupied a rose-embowered cottage not far from the church. The cottage, with its attendant garden, was a dainty, pretty spot, which looked as though a woman's hand had planted and cared for it.

But no woman had anything to do with the rectory. Rev. Smiles' only servant was a doddering old man; the rector prepared his own meals, except when he was invited to tea by some old lady who pined his lonely, indigestion-breeding existence.

Not that Rev. Wetherby Smiles was a woman-hater, but Mr. Smiles was very high church indeed. Unfortunately, St. James' and the parish people were extremely low.

The rector felt that the clergy, to be able to give their whole time and thought to their work, should live lives of celibacy. He had felt at times a strong drawing towards some ecclesiastical order in which such vows would be necessary. Then he would wear some outward sign of his vows, and the young women of his parish would not fall in love with him.

The rector was young and good-looking; he had been in his present pastorate less than a year, and he had already had an experience.

Rev. Wetherby Smiles, from study window, could look across his garden plot and see the brown earth warming in the spring sunshine and the trees and bushes slowly bursting into life.

He looked across his garden, I say, and across the garden, beyond the low hedge, was another garden which in summer was full of color. He had noticed the brilliant-hued beds the year before, but now the only bit of color was a pale blue morning robe that dilted about the inclosure.

To tell the truth, the rector had seldom noticed that morning gown or the little woman inside it before. But it pleased his fancy now to look across the hedge and watch his neighbor.

He recalled that his old major domo had told him the cottage next the parsonage was occupied by a widowed lady—a lonely creature who had taken up her abode there but shortly before Rev. Smiles was settled over St. James'. He remembered the little figure in black in one of the side pews, pointed out to him by the clerk as "Mrs. Scorritch," and probably had not given her a thought or glance afterward.

However, he saw so much of the pale blue gown that first warm week in spring that he looked for the little widow in her pew the next Sabbath. She had laid aside her weeds and was dressed in some clinging, fawn-colored material that made her look like a very demure little moth. And she had the sweetest face in the world—at least the sweetest face in Rev. Wetherby Smiles' world.

On Monday morning the clerical black appeared in the rectory garden about as soon as the pretty morning robe appeared over the hedge. The demure little face dimpled and smiled under its garden hat at the rector's approach, and the widow nodded brightly.

"You are early at your gardening this morning, Mrs. Scorritch," he said.

"Yes, but it's so warm," she replied in defense. "I am expecting my crocuses to appear any day now."

"I'm afraid we'll see some frost yet, Mrs. Scorritch," said the rector.

"Now, don't talk that way, I beg," cried the little woman, clasping her hands, inclosed in long-wristed and par-

tridge by a little cry from his neighbor. "They are coming!" she cried in delight. "See! Here is the dearest little blade of green pushing up through the mold—and there is another—and another! Just look at them!"

The rector found it necessary to leap the hedge he had been something of an athlete at the university, and certainly this spring weather was sending the blood coursing through his veins quite like old times; and look at the crocus bed near to.

"They are such lovely ones," she said earnestly. "I don't believe you noticed them at all last spring!" the pronounced maledictions upon himself for having



been so blind as to miss so much beauty the previous season, "but they will be even better this year—if we don't have that horrid frost you have been prophesying."

But when he had returned to his own lonely domain and entered his study he stopped and thought seriously for a minute. Then he cast his hat-crowned ministerial hat upon the floor with great emphasis and exclaimed:

"It's my creed, I tell you, that a man in orders should not marry!"

Now, there was no one visible to argue the question, and yet there seemed to be argument in his own mind, for Rev. Wetherby Smiles smote his palm with his clenched fist angrily and kicked the hat-crowned hat to the other end of the room.

For two days the rector of St. James' rigidly stifled his interest in crocuses; his interest in creeds, however, was not entirely satisfying. On Sunday, after vespers, he overtook on his way home a little figure in a fawn-colored gown.

"You must see my crocuses, Mr. Smiles," she said. "The buds will be open before next Sunday."

The rector glanced gloomily at the darkening sky, and thought that probably there would be a frost that night. But he could not long think of frost and other unpleasant possibilities under the skillful manipulation of his charming little neighbor.

He hesitated at her gate, and again crocuses triumphed over creed. The crocuses were flourishing finely; the creeds took a back seat—indeed a very unobtrusive seat in the rector's memory.

His interest in the crocuses continued that evening to so late an hour that his old servant really thought he was not coming to supper and cleared away the repast.

"Never mind," said the rector, kindly. "I am not hungry," and when the old man had doled off to bed he sat down before the open window of his chamber and stared out into the still night.

He sat there for an hour. A light burned behind the curtain at one of his neighbor's windows. That was her light, he knew. Finally it disappeared, but he sat on, his arms folded upon the sill, his eyes glaring fixed into the darkness. Creed was making a strong fight for life.

It grew rapidly colder, and suddenly Rev. Wetherby Smiles awoke to the discomforts of the outer man. He shivered and drew away from the window. There was no breeze and no clouds, but an increasing chill made him close the casement.

Then he slipped on a smoking jacket and went to the door. There was a light haze upon the river and a shimmer of frost in the air.

"A bad night for the farmers and fruit growers," he thought. Then his mind reverted to those crocuses. "They will be black by morning," he said. "Too bad, and the little woman thinks so much of them."

He hesitated a moment and then went in again, reappearing shortly with an old mackintosh.

"Just the thing to spread before the bed to defend them from the frost," he muttered, and with long strides he crossed the rectory garden and leaped the hedge.

Feeling a good deal like a night prowler who had no business in the place he crept through his little neighbor's garden and approached the cro-

cus bed. He started at the slightest sound and glanced about fearfully. Supposing somebody should see him—one of his parishioners—even his major domo?

Suddenly just as he spread the covers, but over the crocus bed and was turning hastily to flee, he heard a sound upon the porch. He started, and his eyes became fixed upon the vision before him. A figure, all in white, and motionless, stood upon the lower step.

Rev. Wetherby Smiles was startled, but he was not superstitious. For some seconds, however, he stared at the apparition before he recognized it. Then he stepped quickly forward and began to make excuses in a low voice.

"Mrs. Scorritch—Lydia—I beg your pardon, but I thought—"

He got no further in his faltering remarks. With a shuddering little cry the figure tottered and would have fallen to the ground had he not caught her in his arms.

"Good Lord!" muttered Rev. Smiles, the perspiration starting from his brow. "What a situation!" He was tempted to lay her down upon the porch and run. Instead he stooped down and—lifted her and carried his burden into the house.

There was a couch in the reception-room. He laid her down and lighted the gas. She opened her eyes languidly and saw him.

"I have frightened you, Lydia," he said. "Really, I had no intention, you know, I only remembered the crocuses—"

"I thought you were a burglar," she admitted. "And when I heard your voice—"

"Didn't you recognize it?" he asked. "You—you had never spoken in just that way before, and—"

He took her hands. "I was only thinking of the crocuses, Lydia," he said, which was very true. He had quite forgotten the "creed."—*Union Globe.*

CHARACTER IN THE HAIR.

Investigation Shows that Coarse Dark Hair Betokens Successful Persons.

The hair furnishes considerable subject for study, and much more than careless observers would suppose, says a writer in the Washington Star. It is an investigation that can easily be made. The hair unquestionably indicates temperament and feeling, fine or coarse, and character and constitution. Black hair accompanies what is known as the bilious temperament, which gives power, endurance and strength. On the other hand, or head, possibly, light hair indicates the exact opposite, delicacy, fineness, and the lighter tone of character. Notice a person with auburn hair, and you will discover, easily, that his susceptibilities are quick. By the same reasoning red hair marks a sanguine temperament, those who are possessed of intense feelings, or ardent, fiery or passionate natures. As the hair is curly or inclined that way, the emotional and impulsive is indicated. A perfectly straight hair tells its story to all who desire to know it, for whoever knew one with straight hair who was not of a mild and tame nature? Those who have fine, light hair, it will be noticed, while they can do almost any amount of indoor work, are not to be depended on for heavy work. Here again they are the opposite of the black-haired people, who can endure the heaviest and hardest kind of labor. Sandow, the strong man, has light hair, but I don't think he would be as reliable for heavy, continued work as a black-haired man of half his strength.

Here is another thing to study. The coarser the hair the more the owner of it is marked with individuality in thought, feeling, manner and action. I do not think that any man or woman whose hair is fine can, by any possibility, ever make a great mark in public life. Fine hair may do well for the student, scientist or artist in a general way, but when you notice those who have made the greatest marks in these lines, you will discover that their hair is coarse. The same rule holds good with man and woman. The person who has coarse, brittle hair—it matters not what color, though the darker it is the more strength of character and persistence there is likely to be—has a careful mind generally, and is of a very observing nature. They also remember what they see or hear for a long time, and have, besides, the faculty of recalling what they have observed or heard. They make successful detectives. They are of special value as librarians or as searchers of titles. They are rarely inventors, though they are likely to remember more of the points involved in inventions than inventors themselves. In departmental life they are very valuable in being able to put their hands on papers which have long been filed away. They also remember accurately rulings, decisions and precedents. I have in mind several persons of this kind, two of whom are in the Pension Office, who can, when called upon, state almost instantly the rulings in complicated pension cases, it matters not how long a time has elapsed since the rulings were made. Another person is in the Postoffice Department, who can instantly remember any of the hundreds of rulings made in connection with the letter-carrier service.

Women say that a long waist is a sign of beauty. We rather admire short-waisted women.



ticularly well-fitting gauntlets. "Just suppose my crocuses should come up and be frost-bitten? Oh, the thought is too awful."

"I sincerely hope you will not be disappointed, but the climate is uncertain."

Many were the conferences held across the hedge regarding the proper pruning of rose trees, the planting of hardy seeds, and the preparation of the beds of earth. The rector had never suspected there was so much detail in the business of gardening.

One morning, just after a warm night rain, Rev. Smiles was called to the

THE OLD AND THE NEW FIGHTERS

IT is a far cry from the old wooden frigate Constitution to the great iron-clad Oregon, a shot from one of whose thirteen-inch guns, well aimed, would easily persuade the old-timer she had missed her calling and had better "heave to." And John Paul Jones, whose victory over the Serapis in revolutionary times has made his name familiar to every American schoolboy, would be quite as much puffed on board "Fighting Bob" Evans' Iowa as the Bon Homme Richard, his flagship, would be in Rear Admiral Sampson's squadron.

Time makes thrusts that the best of naval commanders cannot parry, and



JOHN PAUL JONES.

the most that any man can hope to do is to keep up with the times. From the great, unwieldy wooden frigates and schooners of the revolutionary period, with their nine and twelve pound guns, and from 500 to 1,000 tons displacement, our navy has progressed to the type of the Iowa, the Indiana and the Oregon, whose mammoth steel hulls displace 11,000 tons of water and whose terrible rifle-bored guns throw metal projectiles weighing 1,000 pounds.

This remarkable evolution in naval warfare was not the result of accident. It followed in obedience to the theory that nations, as individuals, must "fight the devil with fire," yea, with his own fire, be it ever so fierce and destructive. Moreover, naval warfare has, as a rule, kept pace with improvements in the arts. With respect to size and strength, the navies of the world have generally taken rank according as their necessities required and the enforcement of their claims, meritorious or otherwise, demanded.

England, with a territory upon all of which the sun never sets at one time, has the most formidable navy in the world, and the rest of the world agrees that she needs it. America, whose acres are contiguous and whose foreign policy has been preservative rather than aggressive, has heretofore been satisfied with the fifth navy of the world, trusting to her noninterference and the great bodies of salt water to her east and west as a defense. The apparent incompatibility between the great commercial interests of the United States and the poverty of her national defenses has long been the marvel of Europe, and a great many thinking people of our own country have doubted the policy of trusting too implicitly in natural resources and natural defenses.

Comparisons are not always odious, but they are usually difficult. To compare the navy of colonial times with the navy of to-day is like comparing tallow candles with arc lights, stage coaches with modern railway palaces and Faneuil hall with the Chicago Auditorium or Masonic Temple; it is comparing wood with steel, sailing tackle with twin-screw motors and primitive gun powder with "brown prismatic," dynamite and nitroglycerin.

Ships of a Past Century.

It might be noted that in October, 1776, the colonies owned twenty-six vessels, manning 536 guns; that the frigate of the revolution was generally forty feet long, propelled by oars and sails, carrying two small guns and a supply of small ordnance; that in 1798 the navy department was formally organized; that in 1806 Congress authorized the construction of 257 wooden war vessels, but finding the scheme too expensive and the first vessels too unwieldy abandoned the enterprise; that the Bon Homme Richard, commanded by Paul Jones, carried twenty-eight twelve-pounders on her gun deck, fourteen nine-pounders on her quarter deck and fore-castle and a total armament of forty-two guns, but these facts and figures give little insight into the real situation of the early days and afford no criterion whatever for comparison with Rear Admiral Sampson's fleet in the West Indies.

A review of the early history of the American navy does not require, therefore, that the student go back farther than the beginning of the present century, when steam was first applied to the propulsion of vessels. Passing by the discussion as to whether Fulton was in fact the first man who applied steam as a motor for ships, suffice it to say that in 1814 he proposed to build a "floating battery" for the defense of New York harbor, a vessel to be pro-

pelled by steam, with a central paddle-wheel, to carry twenty guns, with a speed of four knots an hour. According to this plan the vessel was to carry two submarine guns, one at each bow, so as to strike the enemy below the water line. Provision was also made for throwing a large quantity of water on the enemy at close quarters.

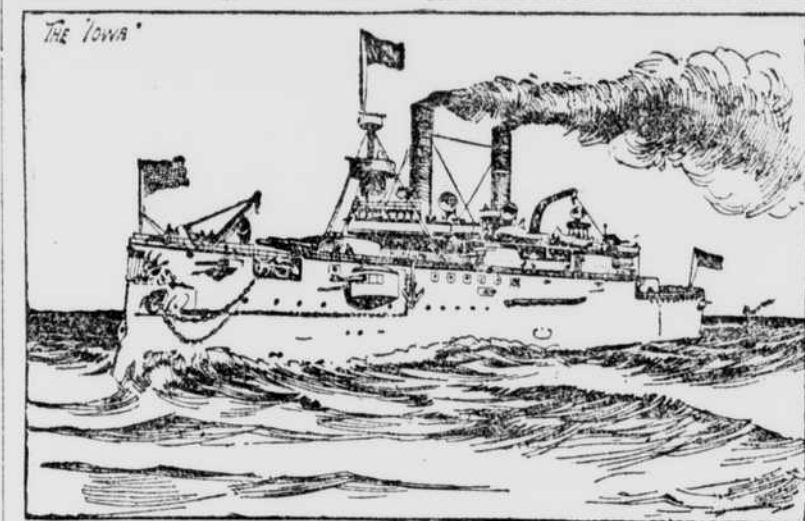
The ship was launched, as proposed, in November, 1814, and in June of the following year the machinery was in place. She was called the Demologos, and after the death of her inventor was rechristened the Fulton. The Fulton was used as a receiving-ship at the Norfolk navy yard until 1823. Steam vessels soon came to be of great importance in the coasting trade of both Europe and America, and in 1819 a steamer of 370 tons called the Savannah made the passage from New York to Liverpool in twenty-six days, but she was heavily sparred and depended largely on her sails.

In 1840 vessels with screw propellers came into vogue. Captain John Ericsson made a proposition to the English government to apply the screw device to war vessels, but his scheme was scouted as visionary. In 1843 Ericsson came to New York and built the Princeton, which was the first screw man-of-war ever constructed. The Princeton proving a success in every particular, England built the Duke of Wellington, which outranked the Princeton, the latter being adjudged unseaworthy in 1849.

The Crimean war demonstrated the usefulness of the screw propeller, although it was several years after that the naval authorities of the world were willing to trust to a full-powered screw.



The Iowa



OLD AND NEW WARSHIPS.

unaided by sails. About this time the Great Eastern, also called the "Wonder ship," was built. She was constructed of iron and wood, was 632 feet long and carried 12,000 tons of coal. She plied between England and Australia and, although not a man-of-war, properly speaking, was a formidable vessel.

The day of the wooden wheels came to a close, however, when in 1860 the French built the first sea-going iron-clad, which was christened La Gloire. She was originally intended to carry ninety guns, but was cut down and plated with several inches of iron. She was provided with full steam power, with auxiliary sails and carried forty guns. Not to be outdone, England, ever jealous of her mistressship of the sea, constructed the Royal Oak and later the Warrior, the latter being faster than any wooden vessel afloat and vastly superior to La Gloire. France replied with the Solferino, remarkable for her ram bow and for the fact that up to that time she was the only iron-clad carrying guns on two decks protected by armor. The Mino-taur war vessels were then introduced by England, but they were too unwieldy for service and were abandoned.

This see-saw competition was going on when the rebellion broke out in the United States and we found ourselves without a single iron-clad vessel and practically without a navy. At the outset, the Federal government made a vigorous attempt to get control of the

Mississippi and Missouri rivers, which it was thought, would become theaters in the war. Accordingly, a contract was awarded to James H. Eads, of St. Louis, for the construction of several iron-clad steamers suitable for river navigation.

In October, 1861, forty-five days after laying the keel the St. Louis was launched. This was the first iron-clad owned by the United States. The unfortunate abandonment of the Norfolk navy yard, however, had given to the



GEORGE DEWEY.

insurgent forces possession of several vessels, notably the fine steam frigate, Merrimac, a vessel built like the Wabash. The Confederates were busy transforming this vessel into a broadside casemated iron-clad, with a sloping roof calculated to cause the enemy's shot to glance without injuring the vessel, when the Monitor type of iron-clad came into being. Captain Ericsson had been given contracts for the construction of two broadside iron-clads and one vessel of special design.

The Monitor, which later defeated the Merrimac, was of "special design," and it was this same Monitor and her successors during the civil war that revolutionized the naval warfare of Europe. The Monitor was slightly characterized "a cheese box on a raft," but it proved to be the strongest cheese that ever was placed in a naval sandwich. The turret system, which was the essential feature of the original monitor, is familiar, and does not require description here. The broadside system was said by contemporary critics to excel the turret system for ocean service, but the value of the "cheese box," iron-clad for close fighting in shallow water was never disputed. Some of our monitors, such as the Miantonomah, were constructed of wood, and the voyage of the Miantonomah to Europe and of the Menadnock to San Francisco via Cape Horn showed that these vessels could go to sea as well as fight in shallow waters.

Of the two broadsides constructed by

navy eleven first-class battle-ships of 112,500 tons displacement, two armored cruisers of 17,471 tons displacement, twenty coast and harbor defense vessels with 53,730 tons displacement, and protected cruisers and gunboats of 861,000 tons displacement. We have thirteen protected cruisers, twenty gunboats and light protect-91 cruisers, one dispatch boat, and twenty-two torpedo-boat destroyers. The battleships Indiana, Massachusetts and Oregon have each a displacement of 10,240 tons, a belt armor of eighteen inches steel and turret armor of seventeen inches. The following table shows the armament carried by our armored vessels:

Caliber.	Weight of shot, lbs.	No. guns.	Total wgt. fired.
Thirteen inches.....	1,000	12	13,200
Twelve inches.....	850	12	7,800
Ten inches.....	500	18	9,000
Eight inches.....	250	46	11,500
Six inches.....	100	18	1,800
Five inches.....	50	12	600
Four inches.....	33	28	924
Totals.....	140	146	44,824

Our united armored ships can throw one and one-half pounds of metal for every pound that Spain can give us in return, although the dons have 100 guns. If our armored force were reduced to an average we would have a ship of 6,750 tons, with ten-inch belt, 11.5-inch turret, ten guns of eight-inch caliber, throwing a projectile weighing 300 pounds, while Spain would have a battleship of 7,456 tons, with 9.6-inch belt, 9.7-inch turret, thirteen guns of seven-inch caliber, throwing a projectile weighing 180 pounds.

The guns of eight-inch caliber and over are used to attack the belt of a ship in order to disable the machinery and turrets in which the big guns of the enemy are mounted, while the small-bore rapid-firing guns are used to sweep the decks and very often to find the range of the enemy. In sea fighting the small guns are used first, the big guns keeping silence until a range of 1,000 yards or thereabouts is reached.

In the great fight which Commodore Dewey made in Manila bay neither Spain nor the United States had an armored ship. Dewey's boats were protected cruisers with steel decks and comparatively small guns.

Early naval warfare, in which sailing vessels were used, had to deal practically with guns alone, and the measure of strength was the weight of metal fired in one broadside. To-day the designer has to reckon with shell power, ram power, torpedo power and power of resistance. The modern battleship is therefore a compromise. Thus, roughly speaking, the weight allowed for armor determines the defensive power of a vessel, the weight of batteries, ammunition and torpedoes the offensive power, while the weight of coal and machinery determines the speed and endurance of a vessel—the distance a vessel can go without re-coaling.

Notwithstanding the American navy is rapidly taking rank with the navies of the world, it is interesting to note that we have 3,000 miles of sea coast, excluding Alaska, and a tonnage of licensed, registered and enrolled American vessels aggregating 4,428,000 tons, which is far more than the total mercantile tonnage of Russia, Germany, Italy, Japan and Spain. It might also be mentioned that we have more property on shore assailable from the water than any other nation, that we have more property afloat than any other nation and that with the exception of Great Britain we have more merchant ships afloat on the oceans and great lakes than the five greatest naval powers of the world combined.

He Didn't Mind.

Andrew Lang relates an anecdote of Dean Stanley's amiable simplicity. The dean was dining out, and was very late. When he came his collar was unfastened, and the ends vibrated like little white wings upon the head of a cherub.

People could not look at him with curiosity during the dinner, and at length, with due precautions, his hostess ventured to ask him if he knew that his collar had broken adrift.

"Oh, yes," said the dean; "do you mind?"

"Not at all," said the lady.

"Then I don't mind, either," answered the dean. "The button dropped off while I was dressing." And he continued his conversation.

"It was not," says Mr. Lang, "absence of mind, but unrivalled presence of mind, that Stanley displayed. Any other human being would have been at the point of changing his shirt."—People's Friend.

Big Prices for Fiddles.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Duke of Edinburgh) has just given, it is said, £1,400 for a Stradivarius. The best known, according to Italian connoisseurs, belonged to Sir Charles Hallé, and is said to be worth £2,200. The price has recently gone up, as Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, has been in Italy seeking everywhere for fine old fiddles, in which he is said to have made "a corner," having bought about 500, for which he has given £16,000.—Elgin Courier.

Cheese Exported from Rome.

The value of the cheese exported from Rome is only \$1,000 less than the value of the paintings, cheese being second article on the list of exports from Rome.



She—Now, can you guess my age, Major? Gallant Major—No, I can't; but you don't look it.—Tit-Bits.

Josh—It's a wonder none of them fellows ever found the north pole. Hiram—Mebbe it ain't there.

Hoax—I'm not going to call on a single girl during Lent. Hoax—Going in for the married ones, eh?—Philadelphia Record.

"Poor Timmie! Folive years in Sing Sing! I do feel sorry for him." "Bedad, an' yure sympathy's trowed away. He's surrounded by frinds."—Harlem Life.

Rastus, Jr.—Popple, is we gwine toe hab turkey fo' mah bfrday? Rastus, Sr.—Tends on de moon, chile, de night befo'. 'Tends on de moon,—Inter Ocean.

Little Sister—What's the difference 'tween 'lectricity and lightnin'? Little Brother—You don't have to pay nuthin' fur lightnin'.—Detroit Free Press.

Sponger—Say, old man, can you oblige me with a cigar? Fred (who knows him)—Sorry, but I've the only one I'm smoking, and another which I shall smoke shortly.

Mistress (severely)—If such a thing occurs again, Norah, I shall have to get another servant. Norah—Oh wish yez wud; there's ailsy enough wurruk for two av us.—Puck.

Daughter—But, pa, Mr. Sweetser has accumulated a competence. Pa—Competence be blamed! Money is the thing. You want a husband who can support you.—Transcript.

"Johnson wants to borrow some money of me. Do you know anything about him?" I know him as well as I do you. I wouldn't let him have a cent.—Indianapolis Journal.

Perkins—Has Slopew ever paid you that ten dollars he borrowed last year? Dobson—No. I guess he has forgotten all about it; he is just as social and friendly as he ever was.—Puck.

Attorney (sternly)—The witness will please state if the prisoner was in the habit of whistling when alone. Witness—I don't know. I was never with the prisoner when he was alone.

De Short—You notice, perhaps, that I have sold my gold watch, and now carry a silver one. Harduppe—Yes, old man; it's only another proof of the old saw: "Circumstances alter cases," you know.—Life.

Brady—Did ye hear av the foight betux Hinnissey and O'Gawlligan? Grady—O! did not. Was it to a finish? Brady—That was Hinnissey's intintion, but Hinnissey was knocked out before he got that far.—Boston Transcript.

"Yes, sir; Bleeker would make money out of anything." "Is he so lucky?" "I should say so. Why, he married a penniless girl two years ago, and he got her a position that brings him in twelve hundred dollars a year."—Life.

"Your son," said the professor, "has been laboring under a misapprehension." "Perfess," exclaimed Farmer Cornsossel, with joy in his voice, "ye don't mean it?" "Mean what?" "That Josiah has been workin'."—Washington Star.

Paterfamilias—Look here, Dick, you've been a bit wild yourself in your day and I'd like some advice. What am I to do with Harry? The young rascal exceeds his allowance every month. Cousin Dick—Increase it.—Chicago Journal.

She—How is it you were not at West-end's reception? He—I stayed away on account of a personal matter. She—May I ask what it was? He—Will you promise to keep it secret? She—Yes. He—Well they failed to send me an invitation.—Collier's Weekly.

Mrs. Betterhause—I am told that you allow your husband to carry a latch-key. Mrs. Graymair—Yes, but it does not fit the door. I just let him carry it to humor him. He likes to show it to his friends and make them think he is independent.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mosher—What are you doing with all those bits of card in your pocket? Wiswell—They are seat checks at different theaters. It says on each, "Retain this check." It's an awful bore, to be obliged to carry so much pasteboard around. But, then, what's a fellow to do?

Lady (in employment office)—As there is only my husband and myself in the family, I think you ought to be willing to come for less than you ask. There are only two persons to cook for. Domestic—But, mum, when I'm wid you there'll be three.

Clara—Well, aunt, have your photographs come from Mr. Snappeschotte's? Miss Maydeval (angrily)—Yes, and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence. Clara—Gracious! What was it? Miss Maydeval—Why, on the back of every picture were these words: "The original of this is carefully preserved."

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EDUCATING PUBLIC MEN.

To educate a man is to make him alive to his surroundings. It is to enable him to give each fact or group of facts in his surroundings its true place as regards its comparative importance. Yet it is commonly complained of in America that educated men are reluctant to take any active part in public life. If this be true, it is a terrible criticism upon what passes for education. An educated man must be alive to all the social interests around him, must know their vast importance to his neighbors, to the race, and to himself. Education must strengthen and vivify the motives which lead him to use all his powers for the same guidance of the community. All it shows him of the past, of the rise and fall of nations, of the price paid for the freedom he inherits, of the worth of that great partnership in all sciences, all arts, all virtues, and all powers, which we call civil society, and of his own responsibility to God for the use of vote, voice and influence, must quicken in his breast the desire to serve his time and his country. Other men may need the constant presence of symbols of the social order to keep in them the sense of citizenship. The realities of that order will ever be present to his mind, so that, while he shares the popular reverence for these symbols, they will be less necessary to him than to most men. He knows that the State is the nearest of all his neighbors, and has the neighbor's indefeasible and unceasing claim to his love and service.—Skagit County (Wash.) Times.

The joint commission for the settlement of the differences between this government and the government of Canada, has adjourned until September 20. The work of the commission is not going to prove so easy as many superficial observers suppose. It is understood that the Canadian government will demand, as a condition precedent to the settlement of the international questions which have long pending between Canada and the United States an agreement of some kind in reference to reciprocity. This would not be so difficult of solution were it not very evident that the reciprocity which they are willing to enter into is not the kind of reciprocity that the American people for the past twenty years have discussed and now unanimously favor. Canada expects the United States to give them an exclusively preferential duty in our market, while they propose to admit our goods only upon the same condition that the products of Great Britain are admitted. The Canadian idea is that in our markets they are to have an advantage as against the rest of the world, while in their markets they will give us only an equal opportunity to compete with Great Britain. The kind of reciprocity which the American people favor is the reciprocity which gives an equal advantage in the respective markets in the countries which are parties to the agreement, and that this advantage should be exclusively enjoyed by each country. It will be a good plan for the people of the United States to give the American commissioners notice that the Canadian policy of reciprocity will never meet the approval of the American people.—P.A.

A Needless Expense.

The Alaska prisoners are generally taken to California penitentiaries, and we believe it is a needless expense. The money already spent in carrying prisoners to distant states would have constructed the necessary buildings for a penitentiary in Alaska. Fort Wrangel would be the best place in Alaska for such an institution, on account of the fine climate, and our people should commence agitating the matter at once. The next congress will give Alaska some much needed legislation, and a penitentiary in Fort Wrangel is one of the possibilities.

The fusionists of Washington held their convention last week. The result is unknown at the time this is written. Col. Lewis is certain of a re-nomination for congress, and if the republicans succeed in defeating him, it will be a surprise to everybody who has kept track of Washington politics.

A Meeting at Col. Crittenden's.—A Racy Letter.—A Man or a Woman Which?

The Bachelor's Club held several meetings last week. Just how many, the News man has been unable to ascertain, but we know of two. The first was held at Col. Crittenden's on Thursday evening. It wasn't a love feast by any means. The members were not in a good humor and everything seemed to go wrong. Dr. Davy called the meeting to order promptly at 8 o'clock. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. Then there was a long spell of silence. Everybody looked at the president, but there he sat with a sorrowful look on his face. Presently one of the members arose. He said he had something to say. "I am grieved," he said. He reached into his left hand hip pocket and pulled out a letter. He said he had received it since the last meeting—that it was written by some woman—he thought he knew who, but no name was signed to it. The members were all attention and President Davy said, "The brother will please read the letter." He read the letter which was as follows:

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.
September 7th, 1898.

You Old Sausage Cover:—

You think you have did a bright thing in not lettin us women come to the club and jine it. You think you is smart don't you? You are nothin but a lot of pumpkin rollers and gum chewers anyhow. I once thought you was kinder nice, but this letter will let you know how I have changed my mind up.

Hatefully yours,

AN OLD MAID.

After reading the letter he wiped away a tear with his coat sleeve and made a short speech. He said he had never been called such names before and was willing to take his oath that he was not the outside of a sausage; that he did speak against the women coming into the club, but that his speech had been incorrectly reported to the woman and he had not intended to say anything against the sex, only that he did not want them in the club. Other speeches were made but the effect of the letter was depressing and there was no display of forensic ability and eloquence which usually is a leading feature of the club's meeting.

President Davy said that so serious a matter as being called "pumpkin rollers" was not to be passed over lightly and suggested that no action be taken by the club until some future meeting. This suggestion pleased the members, and the matter went over. At this time Doorkeeper Collins reported that a visiting member from Telegraph Creek was at the door and asked for admission. That the proper pass word was given, but somehow he doubted the sex of the applicant. "It looks like a man, but the voice is that of a female woman, it seems to me," said the vigilant doorkeeper.

The president called for a volunteer committee of three to ascertain as to the eligibility of the visitor to admission, and every member in the house—twenty-two in all, including the president, jumped up.

The president then concluded to select the committee, and named R. C. Diehl, Col. Crittenden and Dr. Campbell. The committee retired, and in about five minutes returned with the visitor, who was given a seat in the room, having proved himself a member of the Telegraph Creek order. His name is Peter O. Schweffelbrenner.

The president then announced that a meeting would be held by the club on the following evening, and further business would be dispensed with for the evening.

Possibly China now regrets that so many of her young men have graduated from American schools. The present rebellion in that country, which has for its object the giving of a government modeled upon the American plan, is headed, both in its councils and in its military operations, by graduates of American colleges. Twenty years ago the Chinese government consented to a number of scions of prominent families being educated in this country, but when the first batch returned the permission was withdrawn, so outspoken were the young fellows in favor of republican institutions and government. It is these Chinamen with American diplomas in their hands who are at the head and front of the present rebellion in that country, and while they can not succeed in overthrowing the government of China and establishing a republic upon its ruins, the event shows the hold that some experience with free institutions takes upon the minds of those who are for the first time brought under their influence.—Ex.

A Court in Fort Wrangel.

Several weeks ago the report reached this city that Judge Johnson would visit our city to ascertain if he could hold a term of court here in November. He has not yet arrived, but we can say to him that as to a court house, we are just as well fixed as Sitka is. The court house in Fort Wrangel is a good substantial building and Judge Johnson will find it more comfortable than the old shrek in the capital city.

We cannot say as much for the jail but a few repairs will put that in shape.

The law requires one term of court to be held in this city each year and we hope that Judge Johnson will not neglect his duty in this respect. He will find our people pleasant and agreeable and he will have no cause to regret the holding of one term of court in the best town in Alaska.

It was America that taught Britain how to be great, and Britain attained greatness by adopting, in so far as she has, great principles embodied in our institutions. And Spain now, because of her opposition to these principles, is on the brink of a great internal struggle, the end of which may be to shake the rule of every crowned head in Europe, and from there spread to the peoples of the East and Africa.—Ballard Union.

The proposition of a foreign-owned New York paper for a Spanish-United States protectorate over the Philippines adds to the suspicion that the sheet is under the influence of boodle. What if, at the close of our war of the revolution, there had been proposed a British-Russian protectorate over us? When the mice win their freedom shall there be appointed a few cats to watch over them and coddle them?—Skagit County (Wash.) Times.

The Woodbine.

One of the best resorts for men in this city, is the Woodbine, on East Front street. It is a nice, quiet place, cool and comfortable and just the place for a man to spend a while reading the paper and enjoying the music. Go to the Woodbine during your leisure time.

Russell A. Alger is getting a fearful "roasting" from the papers of the whole country, regardless of their political affiliations. If one-tenth of the charges against him are true, a law should be made to "cover the case."—Ex.

It is the general opinion that next year will witness the greatest rush of homeseekers to the New Northwest that we have ever had.—Ex.

CHARLES MESTON,

Agent for
Patent White Enameled Letters
and
RUBBER STAMPS
of
ALL KINDS.

All mail orders will receive prompt attention.

CHARLES MESTON,
414 Yesler Way,
SEATTLE - - WASHINGTON.

STEAMER

M O N O

CAPTAIN,

F. P. Armstrong,

FOR

Glenora.

For Rates Apply to

REID & SYLVESTER.

WILLSON & SYLVESTER, WRANGEL..... MILLS

MANUFACTURERS OF
Yellow Cedar, Red Cedar and Spruce Lumber, Flooring,
Ceiling, Rustic, Shiplap, Etc.
Shingles, Doors, Windows. FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

ESTABLISHED IN 1896.

Fort Wrangel Brewery

BRUNO GREIF, Proprietor.

The New Brewery Building is so far completed that it has been occupied and used for some time past.

—WITH A—

FINE, LARGE BREWERY

—AND—

And the Latest Improved Machinery

Comes an increase of product and consequently at a reduced cost of manufacture. My customers shall share this saving with me, and I make the following reductions:

Keg Beer per Gallon, 40 cents.
Best Beer, per Dozen Bottles, \$1.50.

The new hall has been completed west of the Brewery in first-class style and is now occupied.

FISRT CLASS LODGING HOUSE

The finest lunch counter in the city which is always well provided with the very best of everything.

Refreshments the Very Best. : Patronize a Home Industry.

THE CASSIAR....

—In front of McKinnon's Wharf—
NO 217 FRONT STREET

The Gentleman's Resort

LARGE ROOM, TABLES AND CHAIRS
IN ABUNDANCE.

FINE POOL TABLE

The Choicest Refreshments in the City

DON'T FORGET THE CASSIAR

Remember the....

Eureka Brewing Co.

432 FRONT STREET.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

A nice cool place to spend an afternoon or evening.

Best and Coolest Refreshments in the City

GIVE US A CALL

FIFE-ALASKA CO.

224 and 625 Front St.

Dealer in General Merchandise

SUBSCRIPTIONS
ONE YEAR \$3.00
SIX MONTHS 1.50
THREE MONTHS .75
Advertising Rates
ON APPLICATION
THE
ADVERTISING MEDIUM
of
SOUTHEAST ALASKA
FIRST CLASS
"JOB WORK"
A SPECIALTY
SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED

READ THE

NEWS...

AND GET THE

NEWS..

THE LOCAL FIELD.

Items of Interest Dished Up in Brief for the Benefit of Our Readers.

If you need a pair of shoes, call at Case & Wilson's.

Harry Kirshbaum was out on a hunt the first of the week.

Choiceest confectionery in town at 322 Front street. Hunt Grocery Co.

Fresh Fruit and Vegetables just received by the Hunt Grocery Co. at 322 Front street.

The Trenholm House, under the management of Mrs. Whitney, is doing a good business.

The people got what they were longing for last Monday night—a good, old fashioned rain.

Extra copies of the News are on sale at the Hunt Grocery Co. and S. Strouse's Tobacco Store.

Fresh ranch eggs, guaranteed fresh, just received by the Hunt Grocery Co. 322 Front street.

Wm. Bullock is back from his prospecting trip. Geo. Clark was in charge of his store during his absence.

Mr. D. McDonald goes soon to Skagway, and then will return to his home in Vancouver, B. C., for the winter.

The Al-Ki arrived at the McKinnon wharf fast Monday evening, with about 1000 pounds of mail for Fort Wrangel.

An Indian will was probated in Judge Jackson's court last Monday. The witnesses, however, could all speak English.

Marshal Grant says Judge Jackson was three days preparing for his last hunt. The Judge was gone less than a day.

Nice bread, pies and cakes at the San Francisco Bakery. Large five and ten cent loaves. Everything baked fresh every day.

The finest stock of Perfumery ever brought to Fort Wrangel at the Wrangel Drug Co. They are over stocked on this article and you can get a low down price.

A little girl in this place that is just taking her first lessons in Sunday school, asked her mother the other evening if she was acquainted with Mrs. Jesus.

Mr. M. Manson, formerly agent for R. Dunsmuir & Sons, of this place, passed through the city last week, on his way to Juneau, where he will make his headquarters.

The City of Seattle, one of the fastest boats in Alaskan waters, went north Saturday evening and south again Tuesday. She had a full passenger list on the down trip.

Mr. G. A. Gorden, traveling salesman for Murphy, Grant & Co., of San Francisco, Cal., accompanied by his wife, is in the city. Roy Cole says that Mr. Gorden is not eligible to membership in the Bachelor's Club.

Dr. V. McAlpin wishes to announce to the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of Dental work as well as any one on the Pacific coast and at prices just as reasonable. No Boom Prices, but compatible with the existing conditions. Thirty Years Experience.

Case & Wilson are in a position to fill your orders. To their heretofore immense stock, they have added a line of Ladies' Children's and Gent's shoes that is a hummer. If you are from Missouri, and doubt it, go into their store and they will show you.

A prominent business man in this city, who is in a position to know, made the remark, a few days ago, that during the winter months from \$1,200 to \$1,500 a month would go out of this town for kerosene alone. It would seem that electric lights, once established, would be a matter of economy.

The boat rates to Seattle have been cut, and all kinds of cheap traveling can now be done. Not long ago the large and small boat owners entered into a combine for a high and uniform rate. The result was, the large boats did the business. That kind of sharp practice won't go with the small boat owners, in the future.

Mr. Thomas McCauly left on the City of Seattle Tuesday evening, for his home in Oakland, Cal. Mr. McCauly is perhaps the most noted fisherman in Alaska, and has fished in Alaskan waters for over twenty years. He is personally acquainted with every Indian fisherman in all this country, and has made a fortune in the business.

Capt. Bell and Steward Sanders met on the upper deck of the Topeka while in Alaska waters not long ago. "What day of the week is this?" said the Capt. to the steward. "It is Friday," said Steward Sanders. "No, it is Saturday," said the Capt., and not being able to agree, the two went to find who was wrong. After investigating the matter, both discovered it was Sunday, and they had a good laugh. Sanders in Irish and the Capt. in old New England style.

To The Garnet Lodge.

Everybody in Fort Wrangel desires to make at least one trip to the garnet lodge and when a tenderfoot arrives, one of the first things that is said to him is, "oh, you must go to the garnet lodge before you go away." We were a long time making the trip, but the first of the week we were so fortunate as to get there.

Manager Hickey and Captain Gray kindly furnished us with one of the Casca's fine small boats and about 10 o'clock in the morning, the start was made with Mrs. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Laws, S. D. Farrington, J. F. Collins and the editor of the News on board. Two pairs of oars furnished the motive power and the landing near the ledge was made at ten minutes after 12. The writer tried to do his share of pulling on the oars and, while we were getting in our finest strokes, the others poked fun at us, which, however, we promptly stopped by threatening to capsize the boat if the hilarity did not cease at once. As they complied with our request, of course we spared the lives of the party.

At the landing place, the mouth of the Stikeen, a fire was made and the good women set a splendid lunch. Coffee and water supplied the liquid refreshments. The ground was strewn with empty beer and champagne bottles, from which we inferred that others ahead of us were not as temperate as our party.

After lunch the party started for the ledge, a distance of about 200 yards from the beach, where, with hammers, picks, cold chisels and crowbars, a vigorous assault was made on the huge rocks that held the precious stones, and everybody was able to get a good supply.

The return trip was a pleasant one. The sky was cloudy and the weather cool, but no rain fell to mar the day's pleasure. We pulled up to the steam launch, Marguerette, on the way back. She was in charge of Captain Snyder and seamen Conrad and Stowe. This boat was at anchor and they had been fishing with good results. They had a huge shark with a rope tied around his tail by which they towed him home later on. We thought the fish weighed a ton but afterwards found that it was not so heavy as that by some fifteen hundred pounds.

If you haven't been to the ledge, go. Take an experienced miner along as we did, but don't forget some powder. That was the great big mistake we made.

THE WRANGEL CLUB.

Entertain the Citizens of Fort Wrangel, in a Royal Manner.

The Ladies auxiliary of the Wrangel Club are to be congratulated on the success of their first entertainment, given at the Opera House Tuesday evening. The elements were strictly against them, it being a very disagreeable, dark night. During the day there was a general furbishing up of lanterns and about 8 p. m. the twinkling lights of the same were all moving in the one direction and a full house was the result. The tableaux, living pictures, songs, etc., were all well received, the program being so varied that there was something of pleasure in it for all. It is the general wish that the ladies continue in the good work commenced and give us something of the kind at least once a month.

The wife of Capt. Stevens has written a letter to the News asking concerning the whereabouts of the Captain. She states in her letter that the last she heard of him, he left this place August 9th, in a small boat, for the south. The writer heard, through a party that saw him, that the Capt. and his son were at or near Ketchikan, in good health and on their way towards the sound. The weather has been so very nice for the past month that we believe no accident has befallen them and that he will soon reach his destination safe and sound.

What We All Need.

We can't get along without shoes. We must wear them in the summer as well as in the winter. You cannot always get good ones and a poor shoe is an expensive necessity. Case & Wilson have recently put in a fine stock of foot wear which is of the very best make. Their stock includes everything from big to little—light or heavy.

The senior editor of the News being absent this week, the junior editor can be found "at the old stand," ready to answer any questions and settle all disputes occasioned by the publication of any article contained herein. We hope, however, that peace and harmony may reign supreme in his absence.

You Must Have Them.

A full supply of paper, envelopes and writing material at prices to suit the buyer at the Wrangel Drug Co.

THE ASHCROFT TRAIL.

Mr. Tautaus' Experience Coming Through.

Mr. C. C. Tautaus, of Idaho Falls, Idaho came down from Telegraph Creek a few weeks ago, and returned up the river last Monday, on the Mono. He will go up to Dees Lake with four tons of provisions, where he will spend the winter. Mr. Tautaus is a friend of Marshal Grant, and came from the same place in Idaho. He came from Idaho over what is commonly known as the Ashcroft trail. Mr. Tautaus was seen by a News man, and his talk with us will no doubt interest our readers.

In speaking of the trip out to this country, and in answer to the questions as to the time of starting, arrival at the Stikeen, etc., Mr. Tautaus said:

"I left Idaho Falls about the 16th of June, accompanied by my two daughters, Josephine and Catherine, E. P. Henry, Robert Lafayette and Gus Ripley. We went to Ashcroft on the train, from our Idaho home. We bought 23 head of horses and outfitted in other respects at Ashcroft, and started for Hazelton, on Skeener river. Our outfit was one of the best on the trail, our horses in splendid condition, with ample supply to carry us through without any shortage. We found the trail between Quesnell and Hazelton had been used and traveled over in late years, but it was in a very bad and dilapidated condition on account of constant rain and with the multitude of stock which had passed over. However, we managed to get over this part of the trail without any loss of our stock, but with considerable difficulty. At Hazelton we layed over for four days to rest and replenish our stock of supplies, for we had been traveling from the 22d of May to the 3d of July. We made more than average time, for we passed numerous parties who had left Ashcroft ahead of us. We were unable to get any information concerning the condition of the trail ahead of us to Telegraph Creek, as no one was coming back by that route. We purchased supplies as we supposed to more than carry us through to Telegraph Creek. We left Hazelton on July 7th, and camped that same night at the Stikeen river crossing. We could make no satisfactory arrangements with Indians to take us across, so we built a raft, and when completed we made a trial trip across, which is about 1000 yards. The Indians kept a close watch on us to see what success we would have with our raft. The raft proved very successful, and seeing this the Indians came over to where we were and offered to take us over at our own price and at the same time they wanted to buy the raft so that it should not come into competition with them in their business of ferrying people and their outfits across. We let them take us over at a fair price and left the raft with them. That evening we camped on a stream about sixteen miles from the river we had just crossed. The next day we passed through a very dense and heavily timbered country, with no feed on the way for our stock. That night we turned the horses into a swamp knee deep with water, to pick what little grass there was. I cannot at this time give you a full account of the trip, but it now seems to me that we endured about all the hardships that humanity can endure before we got to Telegraph Creek."

"How did you come to go that way?" the News man asked.

"The Spokane people are trying to turn the Klondike travel through that town, and up to Ashcroft by rail and over the trail we went, and in order to do so, they are compelled to lie about and misrepresent the trail. The Spokane papers represent it as being good, when the truth is it is not fit for any human being to try to go over. It was so bad that we were much longer on the trail than we expected, and ran out of supplies and actually went hungry. A few days before we got to our destination I went ahead and got something to eat and then hurried back. I met them one and a half days from Telegraph Creek."

"Yes, we lost stock. Thirteen out of the twenty-three we started with, and the ten we had left we had to use for packing purposes, and everybody had to walk."

"Did the girls stand the trip well?"

"Well, I should say they did. I never could have made the trip without them. When the bluest time came, we always got encouragement from them, and they were not used to hardships either. One of them graduated from a Boston school only a short time before we left home."

"I have now purchased supplies of Reid & Sylvester, and am going up to Telegraph Creek. We will all move up to Dees Lake and winter there. I am going to find out what there is up in that country."

Mr. Tautaus went up on the Mono. He will write the News further concerning the trip through from Ashcroft.

FORT WRANGEL ALASKA

A Growing Young City, Great Natural Resources

On same latitude of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Copenhagen, Riga, Moscow and Tobolsk, and south of the great Cities of St. Petersburg and Archangel.

Wrangel is the center of an inhabitable area of 45,000 square miles rich in Timber, Fish, Coal, Petroleum, Furs, Game, Cereals, Vegetables, Small Fruits, Marble, Building Stone, Gold, Silver, Lead, Iron, Copper and Sulphur.

The climate of Southeastern Alaska is comparatively mild, being influenced by the Great Japanese Current, and is much the same as the British Isles under the Gulf Stream

The new land law gives each settler eighty acres.

Transportation facilities are regular Steamship lines with the United States and Canada.

The harbor is safe, deep and commodious, is at the mouth of Stikeen river, navigable for 150 miles into the Cassiar District.

If you are interested in Southeastern Alaska, the Twenty-Five Thousand Club can give you valuable information.

For any specific information as to Land, Settlements, Manufactures, Mines, &c., &c.,

Address

G. W. KENNEDY,

Sec'y Twenty-Five Thousand Club,

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

WHICH HEADGEAR IS WORSE?

The Honored Hood of 1498 or the Beautiful Sombrero of 1898.

About the time when Columbus was sailing "the ocean blue" as the readers used to say, the ladies of Spain and of other places were wearing the headgear shown in the left of the picture. It doubtless makes the observer to laughter now—that honored hood of 1498. "They abashed, how insane and unesthetic," every one will say. Com-



pare it with the same and beautiful structure on the right—the hat of 1898. Which will move the laughter of 2248 more—the hood, with its frightful inverted cornucopias or that huddled lot of feathers, flowers and velvet, which makes the outline of the wearer's head something too grotesque to exist outside of a nightmare? Indeed—not to leap four centuries ahead—which will be more come in another decade?

WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.

The Pipe Face Results from Long Continuance of Pipe-Smoking Habit.

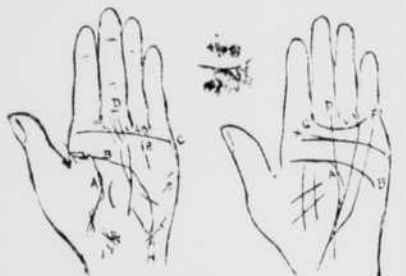
The bicycle face is old. The bargain-counter face, the quick-bunch face and the war-bulletin face are more recent.



The newest discovery in this line is the pipe face, which is grown by men who smoke pipes. The staid old Medical Record saw it first and said this of it: "The habit of smoking the pipe has a perceptible effect upon the face. The pressure of the lips to hold the pipe in position increases the curvature of the lips round the stem, and the muscles become more rigid here than in other parts. Thus the lips at a certain point become stronger and the pipe is unconsciously held in the same habitual position. After long continuation of the habit small circular wrinkles form parallel with the curvature of the lips around the stem. These are crossed by finer lines caused by the pressure of the lips to retain the pipe in position. In the case of old men who have smoked a pipe for years the effect upon the lips is very marked."

Lesson in Palmistry.

There should be few lines in the lucky hand (look at the left hand only), but these should be neatly and deeply traced. They rise from the wrist and run toward the fingers, and form neither islands nor labyrinths en route. A hand of this sort tells of an even temper and of a moderate amount of sensibility. It is the hand of the egotist, satisfied with himself, indulgent to others, rejoicing in a good constitution, enjoying life. Now for the unlucky hand. The wavering, uncertain, confused lines and stars and crosses mean restlessness, indecision, bursts of enthusiasm and depths of depression—a hot head, in fact, above a hot heart.



STUDY THE LINES IN YOUR PALM.

stibility. It is the hand of the egotist, satisfied with himself, indulgent to others, rejoicing in a good constitution, enjoying life. Now for the unlucky hand. The wavering, uncertain, confused lines and stars and crosses mean restlessness, indecision, bursts of enthusiasm and depths of depression—a hot head, in fact, above a hot heart.

Saunterer.

He was a man of simple habit, and evidently from a far distance, and he had wandered into a large city museum. The attendant found him looking with interest at a meteorite, and he asked the attendant what it was.

"That," said the attendant, "is a meteorite."

"Hum! Where did it come from?"

"It fell from the sky."

"Fall near here?"

"No. It fell on a farm out in the country."

"Anybody hurt?"

"No; there was nobody about when it fell."

"Might have been, though?"

"Yes."

"Hum!" The man of the simple habit thought a moment.

"Well," he said finally, "the Lord's kind, but it does seem's if sometimes He was mighty keenerless."

Proof Enough.

Mrs. Blouser (after some years)—I suppose you don't love me.

Mr. Blouser—Don't love you! Don't I live in the same house with you?—Boston Transcript.

CAMPAIGNING IN CUBA.

The Insurgent Army Divided Into Small Bands—The Day's Routine.

Emory W. Fenn, late major in the Cuban army, has written an article for the Century, entitled "Ten Months with the Cuban Insurgents." Mr. Fenn says: Our operations were confined to the province of Santiago de Cuba, a large proportion of the inhabitants of which are blacks, descendants of native Africans, imported in the days of slavery. Most of the men are of medium stature, with broad shoulders and well-developed muscles. They are peaceful in disposition, seldom, if ever, quarrelling among themselves, and are brave and fearless in battle. As no attention has been given by the Spanish authorities to their education, less than one-quarter of the country people in this province are able to read and write; but they are gifted by nature with a large amount of intelligence. Their homes are hardly more than roofs. The families are large, often numbering from sixteen to eighteen. Children under five years seldom wear clothing. Lamps are almost unknown, candles being generally used.

Vegetables are plentiful, and meat is now furnished to the families by the prefect, an officer of the civil government appointed for each township to protect and care for the families, also to furnish horses, vegetables, and other articles necessary for the troops in his vicinity. As the Cuban soldier relies mainly upon vegetables, and, when the enemy is not near at hand, often camps in the same place for weeks at a time, it is necessary, in order not to exhaust the supply, to divide the forces into small bands of from fifty to five hundred men, according to circumstances. The vegetables chiefly used are green plantains or banana, but not the variety sold in this market, green bananas, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and the nutritious yuca. These vegetables are either boiled or roasted on the coals.

The camp is usually chosen in an opening near a road, where fresh water may be had and grass found for the horses, the officers and assistants being, as a rule, mounted. If the camp is for a short time only, no huts are built; but if it is expected to remain for several days, the soldiers erect small shelters. A majority of the officers are provided with a large piece of canvas, which is stretched as a roof over their hammocks. The hammocks are hung to trees, or to posts driven into the ground. Each soldier does his own cooking, but each officer is attended by an assistant. Fires are started with flint and steel, no matches being used, except, perhaps, for a short time after the capture of a town. The principal fire-wood is cedar.

As soon as a camp site has been selected, guards are placed, but only on the roads, as the Spanish troops never enter the woods. The horses are then unsaddled and taken to pasture, hammocks are hung, and fires are built. Soldiers who are not supplied with vegetables are allowed to look for them; and, while usually they are to be found near at hand, it is sometimes necessary to go several miles before finding them. At night staff-officers are required to do guard duty near headquarters, to receive any messages that may arrive, and to see that all is quiet in camp. Reveille is sounded on the bugle at daylight, and every one, officers included, is obliged to turn out. Coffee or sambumbia (sweetened water) is then made, and about one hour later roll-call is sounded, after which the soldier has very little to do but rest until 5 p. m., when roll-call is again sounded. Retreat is sounded at eight, when every man must be in camp, and at nine "silence" is sounded, and all remove their clothing and retire for the night.

The Cubans eat but two meals a day, one about 11 a. m. and the other about 6 p. m. They often march by moonlight, and many of their attacks are made at night, while the Spanish forces never march or attack except by day. In a Spanish camp the horses are not unsaddled during the day, and at night the men often do not remove their clothing, and the entire camp is well guarded. Medicine is scarce, and fever is common.

War Veterans in the Senate.

A Washington newspaper correspondent, glancing over the membership of Congress, directs attention to a fact as remarkable as it is interesting, says the New York Mail and Express. Out of a total of ninety men in the United States Senate, more than one-third—or thirty-two—are veterans of the civil war, which ended a full generation ago, while two of these thirty-two, who are to-day actively engaged in solving a new war problem, were participants in the struggle with Mexico more than half a century ago. The House, too, despite the lapse of time and the advancement of young men in political life, has a large percentage of men who were active in the rebellion. This is a record of American vigor of which the country may well be proud.

The Largest Bible in the World.

In 1857 Mindon-min, King of Burma, erected a monument near Mandalay called the Kutho-daw. There he built seven hundred temples, in each of which there is a slab of white marble.

Upon these seven hundred slabs is engraved the whole of the Buddhist Bible, a vast literature in itself, equal to about six copies of the Holy Scriptures.

This marble Bible is engraved in the Pali language, thought to be that spoken by Buddha himself in 500 B. C. Photographs of some of these inscriptions have reached England, and Prof. Max Muller—perhaps the greatest linguist in the world—has examined them. But alas for all this merely human ingenuity and perseverance! If His Majesty Mindon-min thought to perpetuate the teaching of the Great Buddha by causing it to be graven on the rock, he nourished a vain ambition.

The climate of Burma is moist, and its effects have already wrought havoc on the surface of the white marble, and the photographs show a partial effacement of some of the Burmese characters in which the Pali text is engraved. This is certainly the largest known copy of any portion of literature. Even the National Encyclopedia of China, in five thousand volumes, occupies a comparatively small space.—Saturday Evening Post.



In Australia spring begins Aug. 20; summer, Nov. 20; autumn, Feb. 20, and winter, May 20.

All the flowers of the arctic region are said to be either white or yellow, and there are 762 varieties.

There are three times as many muscles in the tail of the cat as there are in the human hands and wrists.

If the surface of the earth were perfectly level, the waters of the ocean would cover it to the depth of six hundred feet.

The first botanical garden in Europe was laid out by Cosmo de Medici at Pisa, in 1544. It was enriched by plants from every part of Europe, and with many from Africa and Asia.

The age of whales is ascertained by size and number of laminae of the whalebone, which increase yearly. Ages of three hundred and four years have been assigned to whales from these indications.

The New York Legislature has given \$10,000 to Cornell University to establish a college of forestry. A tract, not exceeding 30,000 acres in extent, is to be purchased in the Adirondack State park, and the college, with a faculty comprising one professor, two instructors, a forest manager, and a proper number of rangers, is to give practical instruction in the latest forms of scientific forestry.

According to an English weekly journal it is estimated by a competent foreign authority that only nine hundred persons out of one million die from old age, while 1,200 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 2,700 to apoplexy, 7,000 to erysipelas, 7,500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping-cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus and 7,000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are considered accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.

A few miles southwest of Syracuse, New York, in a cavity whose bottom is 220 feet below the surface of the adjacent upland, lies Janesville Lake, a body of water 500 feet in diameter and 60 feet in depth. Eastward from the lake extends a gorge through which flows Butternut Creek. Professor Quereau of Syracuse says that in former times a river flowed here and that Janesville Lake is the pool that was formed under a great waterfall. Steep cliffs rise around it on three sides, and "all the features of a dry Niagara are here disclosed in great detail."

One of the methods of testing the question of the existence of a perceptible atmosphere on the moon is the observation of a star at the instant when it disappears, or emerges from behind the moon. If there were a lunar atmosphere it should produce some effect on the appearance of the star. No such effect has ever certainly been observed. Recently this method has been rendered more delicate, perhaps, by the application of photography. Photographs of stars, made as they are about to disappear behind the lunar disk, show no indications of change in the intensity of the image, such as would be expected to occur if the moon had a perceptible atmosphere.

Attractive to Customers.

How to attract "trade" is the successful shopkeeper's consideration. In certain portions of Germany the telephone is introduced by tobaccoists as an additional attraction to customers. Any one who buys a cigar may, if he desires, speak over the tobaccoist's instrument to a subscriber to the telephone service.

The Cumminsville Sage.

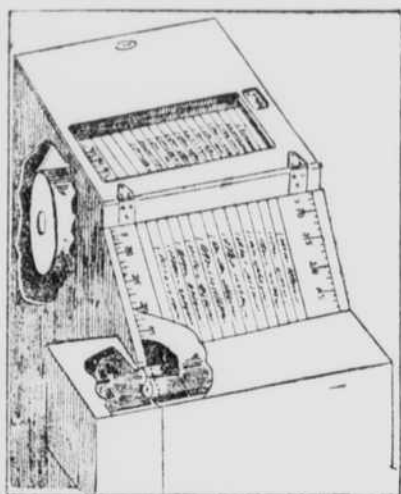
"Analyze a great man," said the Cumminsville Sage, "and 10 to 1 you will find he is only some common, ordinary chump who did not know any better than to take himself seriously."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Every mother of a pretty girl is a board of strategy.

NEW TIME RECORDER.

Said to Be a Great Improvement Over Previous Devices.

This time recorder recently patented by Frederick W. Cook, of San Antonio, Tex., from previous devices of this character, says the Scientific American. The operative mechanism in Mr. Cook's contrivance consists of clock-driven rollers which act directly upon a roll of paper mounted in the casing. The paper is lined longitudinally and is graduated along its edges to represent hours and minutes. The clock-rollers draw the paper over a table at a wide opening in the casing, so as to enable employees to write their names upon the longitudinal lines. A slot in the lid on the left-hand side of the opening partially exposes the graduated edge of the paper and enables the employee to see at what time he writes his name. A transfer strip is secured to the under side of the lid and extends transversely into the opening and in a line with the slot. When an employee writes his name, he makes a mark upon the strip which transfers the impression in different colored indelible substance to the paper beneath and indicates the exact time when the name was written. Instead of exposing a single space to accommodate one name written



COOK'S TIME RECORDER.

transversely, as in the ordinary time recorder, the apparatus, it will be seen, provides for a number of lines upon which several names may be written longitudinally at approximately the same time.

REMARKABLE COLORED WOMAN

Traveling Evangelist Has Conducted More Meetings than Moody.

Amanda Smith is a traveling evangelist who has conducted more revival meetings than Moody and covered more territory in a given space of time than most itinerant preachers. Moreover, she is a full-blooded African negro, although born and raised in this country. She is one of the most progressive and successful women of her race.



AMANDA SMITH, EVANGELIST.

She has by her own exertion recently bought and paid for an orphan's home in Chicago, at a cost to her of \$10,000. After traveling through Africa and England, from which she has but recently returned, her evangelistic work was resumed in this country. In 1890 Mrs. Smith wrote and published an autobiography, "The Story of the Lord's Dealings with Amanda Smith," together with an introduction by Bishop Thoburn of India.

Drinking a Yard of Ale.

At Eton any one who is so minded may at "Tap" essay the feat of drinking a yard of ale. This is only a pint in liquid, but a yard in linear measure, being contained in a long, horn-shaped glass, so constructed that unless the drinker drinks with care most of the contents are spilled over him. A book is kept of the time in which the yard can be drunk, and for years until lately the "record" was ten seconds. This is an iconoclastic age, however, and some one lately disposed of his three feet of ale in nine seconds.—Tit-Bits.

Wind on the Gramplan Hills.

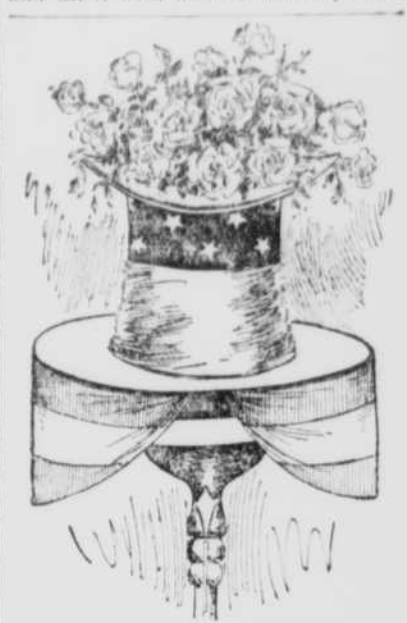
The violence of the wind on the Gramplan hills is so great that on several occasions it has brought to a standstill trains traveling from Perth to the north.

When a woman exaggerates the wealth and social position of her "family," it is a mean husband who will call her down.

PRETTY SHOW OF PATRIOTISM.

Any Girl with Dextrous Fingers Can Carry Out This Idea.

Put a small, circular table in the center of the room, and after draping it with silken American colors, make an "Uncle Sam" hat out of pasteboard and fill it with flowers that represent



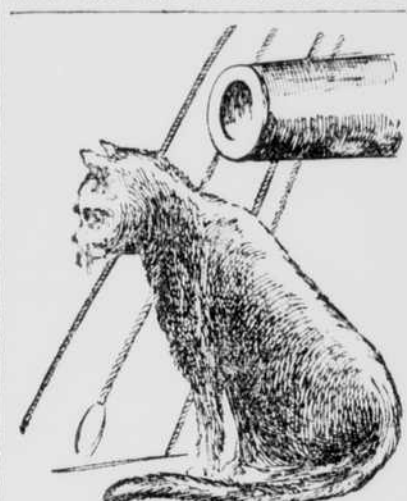
MADE BY DEFT FINGERS.

our country's colors. The band around the hat should be of blue, and the stars on it should contain miniatures of our latter-day heroes. This sketch shows the result obtained by following the above instructions. Any girl with dextrous fingers can carry out the idea.

CAT MASCOTS THE VIZCAYA.

Spaniards Have Pets on Warships Same as Do Americans.

The Spaniards have animal mascots aboard their warships the same as do American man-o'-warships. The pet of the Vizcaya, it seems, is a mammoth cat, with an unpronounceable



THE VISCAYA'S MASCOT.

name and very bad manners. This Spanish feline has a disconcerting habit of sleeping inside the big guns of the Vizcaya, and more than once she has been literally dragged from death at the cannon's mouth.

Emile Zola as He Is.

This is how Zola is described by Stuart Henry in "Hours with Famous Parisians." A business-man, no emotion, no ideals, no imagination, no poetry, in his personal intercourse. He does not try to win or entertain you. He takes no personal interest in you, and does not expect you to take any personal interest in him. He talks frankly and freely about everything, but in a secular way. He makes life seem to you merely a commercial career. Fiction for him is editions of 100,000 francs a year. His magisterial and magnificent panoramas of descriptions, unequalled for their kind, are all measured off in his mind as so many rods of printed matter as much a rod. No personal magnetism, no sentiment, no perfume, no rose colors. Life has been for him a blunt, rude, brutish thing. He has conquered merely because he has worked harder than any one else. With him naturalistic literature succeeds only by the sweat of the brow. What loins of strength, nevertheless! What Titanic capacities to achieve! He towers over all his Parisian contemporaries, as Victor Hugo towered over his epoch.—New York Tribune.

Bitting the Nails.

A simple and very effective way to cure children of the bad habit of biting their nails is to wet the fingers with quassia tea and allow them to dry. When tasted it will be a bitter reminder to cease the practice. If there are no sore places on the finger tips, a very little colocynt powder, which is intensely bitter, may be dusted over them. When, however, dipping the finger ends in some bitter tincture fails, as it sometimes will, each finger end ought to be incised in a stall until the propensity is eradicated.

Heaviest Baby Ever Born.

The heaviest baby known is reported from a village near Brussels, where a farmer's wife has just given birth to a child weighing over twenty-one pounds, which is declared by experts to be the heaviest known.

The relations of a man's wife always expect more of him than he expects of himself.

THE FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

A Gist of the Week's Local News Dished Up for the Special Benefit of Our Readers by News Reporters.

The Steamer came down the river last Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Young, father of our townsman Loyal, arrived in our city last week.

Dr. McAlpin Jr. returned to the city last week from the Ketchikan country.

Loyal Young made the News office a call, last week, that was short, but sweet.

The Monte Cristo, Murray, captain, came down from Telegraph Creek last Sunday.

The way certain prospectors are bobbing in and out of the city would indicate that they have something worth looking after.

The Ladies Aid Society will meet at the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 15th. All are cordially invited to attend.

If you were going to send something back east, that would be an advertisement for Fort Wrangel, you would send the News. Wouldn't you now?

Mrs. C. K. Davis, wife of Senator Davis of Minnesota, accompanied by her maid spent a few hours in the city one day last week.

Mrs. Jacob Babler, wife of the superintendent of the cannery, left last Friday night on the Cottage City for H-waka, Washington, where she will remain until joined by her husband, after the close of the canning season.

Wellington Coal.

The Best Coal on the Pacific Coast for Steam or Household Purposes :

FOR SALE

AT THE LOWEST

MARKET RATES.

OFFICE AND YARD ON THE DAVIDGE WHARF
G. A. McCULLOCH, Agt.
for R. Dunsmuir & Sons.

Canadian Development Company, Limited.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Managing Director.

STEAMER MONTE CRISTO

CAPTAIN, FRANK MURRAY,

LEAVES

WRANGEL

FOR

Glenora and

Telegraph Creek

REGULARLY MAKING

THROUGH CONNECTIONS

BY

The Company's Own Pack Trains

WITH THEIR STEAMER

ANGLIAN

CAPTAIN, MACDONALD,

Now Running Regularly Between

Teslin, Ft. Selkirk and Dawson City.

For Freight and Passenger Rates Apply at

Company's Office, McKinnon Wharf.

F. H. WORLOCK, Agent.

U. S. Marshal's Sale.

In the District Court of the United States, in and for the District of Alaska.

R. DUNSMUIR & SONS, Libellants,

VS.

THE S. S. SKAGIT CHIEF, ETC.

By virtue of a writ or order of sale to me directed, I will sell at public auction, at the beach on Shake's point, in Etolin harbor, at Wrangel, Alaska, where the same is now situated, on the 6th day of October, A. D. 1898, at twelve o'clock noon, the Steamboat Skagit Chief, her tackle, apparel and furniture, described as follows, to wit: The said Steamboat Skagit Chief and all the tools, equipment, cabin and state room furniture, galley and dining room furniture, pantry furniture and stock, navigating instruments, charts and appliances, boats, life rafts, life preservers and all of the property, furniture, tackle and appliances seized by me in the attachment proceedings herein, a more particular description whereof may be seen by reference to the inventory thereof made at the time of the seizure and on file in my office and made a part hereof.

JAMES M. SHOUP,

United States Marshal for the District of Alaska.

By WILLIAM D. GRANT,

Deputy.

Clark & Ingersoll and M. J. Cochran, Proctors for Libellants.

Date of first publication, Sep. 14, 1898.

U. S. Marshal's Sale.

In the District Court of the United States, in and for the District of Alaska.

R. DUNSMUIR & SONS, Libellants,

VS.

THE S. S. GLENORA, ETC.

By virtue of a writ or order of sale to me directed, I will sell at public auction, at the beach on Shake's Point, in Etolin harbor at Wrangel, Alaska, where the same is now situated, on the 6th day of October, A. D. 1898, at twelve o'clock noon, the steamboat Glenora, her tackle, apparel and furniture, described as follows, to wit: The said steamboat Glenora and all the tools, equipment, cabin and state room furniture, galley and dining room furniture, pantry furniture and stock, navigating instruments, charts and appliances, boats, life rafts, life preservers and all of the property, furniture, tackle and appliances seized by me in the attachment proceedings herein, a more particular description whereof may be seen by reference to the inventory thereof made at the time of the seizure and on file in my office and made a part hereof.

JAMES M. SHOUP,

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Date of first publication, Sep. 14, 1898.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

RUNS

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS
ELEGANT DINING CARS
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

—TO—

St. PAUL
DULUTH
GRAND FORKS
WINNIPEG
BUTTE
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK

MINNEAPOLIS
FARGO
CROOKSTON
HELENA
CHICAGO
WASHINGTON
BOSTON

AND ALL POINTS EAST
AND SOUTH

TIME SCHEDULE.

In Effect February 15th, 1898.

TRAINS LEAVE SEATTLE.

For Spokane, Rosland, St. Paul and the East	4:00 p. m.
For Portland	5:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.
For Olympia	7:30 a. m.
For Aberdeen	5:00 a. m.
For Tacoma	5:00, 7:30 and 11:00 a. m. 4:00 and 7:00 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT SEATTLE.

From Spokane, Rosland, St. Paul and the East	7:00 a. m.
From Portland	6:20 and 11:00 p. m.
From Olympia	6:20 p. m.
From Aberdeen	6:20 p. m.
From Tacoma	7:00 and 8:00 a. m. 12:15, 6:20 and 11:30 p. m.

Daily except Sunday. All others daily. This card subject to change without notice through tickets to Japan and China via Northern Pacific Steamship Company.

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First Class, \$35; second class, \$25.

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4:00 p. m.	Overland Express	7:00 p. m.
8:15 a. m.	Pacific Coast Lines	6:15 p. m.

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Fort Wrangel News

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VICTORIA HOTEL

FORMERLY THE TOPEKA HOUSE

FURNISHED ROOMS

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CIGARS & REFRESHMENTS

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Being Within One Block of Both City Wharves

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OPPOSITE
TROUP'S WHARF

Fort Wrangel, Alaska.